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PIZARRO.

TRAGEDY.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN OF
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR A. MACPHERSON, CROSS-
COURT, RUSSELL-COURT, DRURY-LANE.

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1811.

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PIZARRO.



Hixen Strand

M^{rs} SIDDONS as ELVIRA.

London. Printed Feb 1 1805 A. Macpherson Russell Court. Drury Lane.

PIZARRO;

OR,

THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN OF
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1811.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ATALIBA, King of Quito.

ROLLA, the Peruvian General.

ALONZO, a Spaniard, a General in the Peruvian Army.

PIZARRO, the Spanish General.

ALMAGRO,	}	Spanish Officers.
GONZALO,		
DAVILA,		
GOMEZ.		

VALVERDE, Secretary to Pizarro.

LAS CASAS, a Priest.

OROZIMBO, an aged Cazique.

CAPULCO, an old blind man.

FERNANDO, Alonzo's child.

WOMEN.

CORA, a Peruvian, Alonzo's wife.

ELVIRA, Pizarro's mistress.

Priests and Virgins of the Sun.

SCENE—PERU.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Atacama, King of Guilo.
Horta, the Peruvian General.
Alonso, a Spanish General in the Peruvian Army.
Tirano, the Spanish General.

Alonso,
Horta,
Dante,
Gomez,
Spanish Officers.

Y. Estrella, Secretary to Tirano.
Don Alvaro, a Priest.
Onofre, an aged Captain.
Carrasco, an old Indian man.
Fernando, Alonso's child.

WOMEN.

Carlota, a Peruvian, Alonso's wife.
Isabella, Tirano's daughter.

Friends and Vagabonds of the Sea.

SCENE - PERU.

PIZARRO.

ACT I.

ELVIRA, dressed in male attire, is discovered asleep on a couch in Pizarro's tent.—VALVERDE enters with caution, looks at her passionately, kneels down, and eagerly kisses her hand—ELVIRA awakes, and looks at him with anger.

Valverde.

PARDON, madam, an intrusion, which is the effect of your charms.

Elvira. My charms!—what! you intend to perform a miracle?

Val. How!—a miracle?

Elv. No less than to set a woman at variance with her own charms.

Val. You are too severe.

Elv. Why did you wake me from pleasing dreams?

Val. Was I the subject of these dreams?

Elv. Yes; I dreamt I saw you hanged.

Val. Will you still, Elvira, continue to make a jest of my love?

Elv. Love! how can you give that sacred name to your base passion!—Between you and me, Valverde, when I hear you talk of love, I cannot but think of a

mendicant, while he is praying of heaven to bless his benefactor, snatching the purse from the hand that was about to relieve him.

Val. A fine woman may say any thing.

Elv. And a coxcomb may do any thing: how dare you disturb my repose?—Surely your deafening drums are sufficient for that,—yet I would rather be tormented with the noise of them than the sight of thee.

Val. You are mistress of the art of trying one's patience.

Elv. Would you have me make Pizarro acquainted with your baseness?

Val. Tell me rather how such a man can hold Elvira in his chains?—look at his savage eye, his grisly beard—a hypocrite in friendship, a tyrant in love.

Elv. Stop—you are rather premature in your funeral sermon on a man that is yet living.

Val. Equally rough and uncultivated in person and mind—bred a swine-herd, he would rule men as swine—more ignorant than an Andalusian muleteer—this great hero cannot even read and write.

Elv. And do you think, my good friend, that when a woman falls in love, she finds it necessary that the object of her passion can read and write?—love is written in the heart, and can be read in the eye.—Bravery is more desirable to a woman than learning: Pizarro wields a sword, you the quill—while he spills blood—you only spill ink.

Val. It does not appear that the effusion of either has been of much benefit.

Elv. Pray what benefit is to be derived from your scribbling? Would it have enabled Balboa to discover the South'sea, or Pizarro and Almagro to fit out a ship?—No, you might have continued to grovel in the schools, and I in a nunnery.

Val. And it remains to be proved that we have changed our situations for the better.

Elv. Oh heaven defend me from the marmotish life of a convent!

Val. You are a true woman—never content without shew:—would rather live in splendid misery than calm domestic happiness.

Elv. And you are what a woman always detests—an unmasked preacher of common-place stuff.

Val. You may scoff, Madam, during sun-shine; but the moment is perhaps not very distant, when you will be awed by the thunder.

Elv. What! Valverde turning prophet!—Most sublime sir, what may be your grounds for this gloomy prediction?

Val. Are we not in a foreign country, where death lurks in every unknown herb or fruit;—are we not in a climate whose baneful influence destroys those whom the sword has spared? Daily we see our army diminishing.

Elv. So much the better for the survivors.

Val. You have fairly spoken your mind—plunder is your great incitement.

Elv. And what pray is Valverde's? Do you think that, in your affectation of the meekness of the sheep, you are able to conceal the wolf: think you to conceal the villain from the penetrating eyes of a woman? Away!—not one of you, not one of the camp speaks sincerely his sentiments, except the venerable Las Casas.

Val. Name not that visionary fanatic—the raver about humanity and forbearance.

Elv. Not name him! there are times when the visions of this aged priest so powerfully attract me, that I could kiss his grey beard;—when whole nights of dissipation are not able to efface their impressions.

Val. For shame.

Elv. Alas! had it been my fortune to have known him at an earlier period——

Val. You might, like him, have been a fanatic in what he calls humanity—the fine sounding words that mean nothing, most readily lead to enthusiasm. The imagination is heated, and brings forth a martyr.

Elv. What! are you become a philosopher too?

Val. Is that unpleasant to you? Well, let us descend from the clouds of philosophy, to wander amidst the flowery meadows of love.

Elv. The flowers would soon die under your footsteps—in one word Valverde, if you hope to gain Elvira's love, you must exchange your pen for a sword, and do some noble action in the field.

Val. What mighty deeds has your Pizarro done?

Elv. Ask both worlds.—Has he not, by his own talents, risen from a swine-herd to a general? When he quitted Panama in a little bark, with only an hundred followers, to conquer an unknown world, my heart whisper'd, "this is a bold man."—When afterwards in the island of Gallo, he made with his sword a line in the sand, desiring those of his followers who were discontented, and wished to return, to cross that line—when with only thirteen of his train, who swore adherence to him, he vowed to conquer or die,—my heart cried aloud, "this is a brave man."

Val. Great—if successful; but should he fail, he will be called a madman.

Elv. Thus it is with every hero,—Children stare with gaping admiration at the ascent of a rocket, but laugh on its bursting.

Val. But should this rocket reach the sky, what can you hope from thence?

Elv. To be Vice-Queen of Peru.—Pizarro shall rule, while I civilize the rude people.

Val. Oh! think you so? alas! thou knowest but little of Pizarro. Should his ambitious hopes be crowned with success, then will he give his hand to

some illustrious female, whose high birth might cast a veil over the obscurity of his own origin, and whose connections at court might counteract the intrigues of his enemies; while the miserable Elvira, and all her sufferings for his sake, would be forgotten.

Elv. Ha!—should this be so!—but hiss on thou venomous serpent.

Val. While Valverde would be promoted from being the humble secretary, to be the chancellor of Pizarro—then would Elvira gladly fly to his arms.

Elv. Insolent!—

Val. You trample on the flowers you can gather, while you are grasping at fruit beyond your reach—While the Peruvians are instructed in our arts and discipline by Alonzo de Molina, Pizarro is threshing empty straw.

Elv. And while Pizarro deserves my affection, no artifice shall separate us; nor will I desert him though fortune should—

Val. Hark! I hear Pizarro's voice.

Elv. Quick then, hypocrite, and assume an honest face if thou canst.

Enter PIZARRO—he starts at seeing Elvira and Valverde together—eying them with dark suspicion.—Valverde makes low obeisance, Elvira laughs.

Piz. Why that laugh?

Elv. It is a woman's privilege to laugh and cry without a reason.

Piz. But I shall know your reason!

Elv. But you shall not.

Val. Donna Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions.

Elv. What apprehensions?

Val. Lest the enemy from their superiority in numbers, and led on by Alonzo—

Piz. None but a woman, or man like a woman, could fear that boy.

Val. True : it was childish to think that a boy like him, bred under your standard, should dare to rise against his great master.

Piz. He whom I fed at my table, and lodged in my tent.

Val. Ungrateful wretch !

Piz. He was intrusted to my care, by his mother, a woman of high mind.—In his youthful bosom I discovered a spark of heroic fire, which I hoped to fan into a flame.

Elv. It is our sex alone can make heroes.

Piz. Say you so ! I never have been caught in women's snares.—I never loved.

Elv. Then you never was a hero.

Piz. When I told Alonzo the story of our first expedition, how I was driven about with a handful of men for seventy successive days, by storms at sea, and through pathless forests, morrasses, and dangerous rivers by land ; our band daily diminished by conflicts with the natives, and diseases and death from the inhospitable clime, till necessity forced me to quit a cursed country, and fly to save my life on an inhospitable shore on the Pearl Islands.—While I recounted these adventures to young Alonzo—he, full of fire and admiration, would clasp me to his arms, the tears falling from his sparkling eye.

Val. And whose rude foot trod down this promising plant ?

Piz. Las Casas, with his smooth tongue, talked the youth into high visionary ideas, intoxicated him with enthusiasm ; and from that period I vainly tried to draw him down from his air built castles to the real world.

Val. Till at last he fled, and traiterously joined the enemy.

Piz. But not before the boy attempted to shake the principles of a man, and that man Pizarro. He wept upon my neck, endeavoured to wheedle me to sheath my sword, and call the Peruvians our brethren.

Val. What! perverse heathens our brethren!—here indeed was to be seen Las Casas.

Piz. Unsuccessful in his arts with me, he fled to the enemy; and traiterously taking advantage of their superiority of numbers, and the lessons he had received from me, he at last compelled me—heavens! must I repeat it?—compelled me to a shameful retreat!

Val. But now is the time for retribution.

Piz. It is: I have returned with a more powerful force, and the boy shall feel that Pizarro still lives to revenge himself.

Val. But is Alonzo still alive?

Piz. Yes his armour bearer has just been made prisoner by one of our scouring parties.—He reports that the enemy are 12,000 strong, under the command of Alonzo and Rolla. On this day they are to offer a grand sacrifice to their idols. It is our's to take advantage of their blind security, and wash their altars with their own blood.

Elv. Oh Pizarro!—make me your companion on the occasion.

Piz. If you can find in the armoury a sword fit for you to wield, attend me, and take your station by my side.

Elv. Will this encrease your affection for me?

Piz. At least, the tumult of battle will be a security for your fidelity.

Elv. Think you so—then you know little of our sex: not all the perils of earth and sea, of earthquakes and storms, will prevent a woman, intending to deceive, from executing our purpose.

Piz. I thank you Madam, for the hint—and shall not fail to write it down in my memory.

Elv. You forget you cannot write.

Piz. Elvira, you know I cannot bear this.

Elv. How can I help it, or how can you? had one of your legs been broken in your infancy, would you have been ashamed of your lameness?

Piz. Desist, I desire, and never again introduce this subject.

Elv. (*Aside.*) Achilles was only vulnerable in the heel.

*Enter LAS CASSAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILA,
and other Spanish Officers.*

Las Cas. General, we attend your summons.

Piz. Be seated, venerable father, and you my good friends. Now is the time arrived when we shall reap the fruits of our perilous expedition. Lulled in security, this day the Peruvians offer a solemn sacrifice to their idols. Let us take advantage of the moment, to fall upon them by surprise, put to death their warriors, and enslave the rest.

Alm. My voice is to extirpate the whole race.

V. l. In honour of the Christian religion.

Las Cas. Do not utter such blasphemy.

Alm. Too long have we loitered inactive, we are reduced to want, and the troops murmur.

Gon. While Alonzo, lolling in luxury, laughs at us.

Piz. False treacherous boy!

Las Cas. Yet am I assured that Alonzo feels the most painful conflict between his love of mankind, and affection for his country.

Piz. You wish to defend the conduct of your pupil.

Las Cas. Yes: I am proud to say he was my pupil.

Piz. In our present perilous situation, famine staring us in the face, our energy relaxing, and the enemy daily increasing in force, nothing is left but immediately to battle.

Alm. &c. To battle!—to battle!

Las Cas. Horrid echo!—to battle!—and against whom! against a virtuous Prince, who has offered his hand in amity; against an inoffensive people, whom you found innocently cultivating their fields, and worshipping the Creator after the forms of their fathers.

Val. They are Heathens who sacrifice to the sun, and whom we as Christians are bound to extirpate.

Las Cas. Is not the measure of your cruelties then yet full? when will your lust for blood be satisfied—with the murder of an innocent people, who received you with such hospitality! Almighty God! thou whose thunder cleaves the hardest rocks, whose sun dissolves mountains of ice, impart force to my words, which I utter, for thy glory!—(*To the assembly.*) Reflect, I pray you, on the millions of wretched victims sacrificed to your cruel rapacity: you were received as gods—you have acted as dæmons.—Freely did they give you their gold, and the fruits of their land; your base return was the violation of their wives and daughters. Human nature at length revolted at these barbarities,—the victims of oppression complained—then did you hunt them down with *blood hounds*, like beasts of prey—Those who escaped from this diabolical chace, you yoked to the plough to till their own fields for your use: or buried them alive in the gold mines, to supply the cravings of your insatiable avarice.

Piz. You exaggerate.

Las Cas. Exaggerate! No—I have not yet said all—more horrid deeds yet remain to be told, deeds that might even cause tygers to weep! But let not my feelings overpower me.—Did not you even lay wagers who could most dexteriously cleave asunder a fellow creature; who could most dexterously strike off his head? Did you not tear children from their mother's arms, and dash their heads against the rocks? Did you not, with a diabolical refinement in cruelty, even roast

their chiefs before slow fires, while you thrust gags in their throats to prevent their agonizing cries from disturbing your slumbers?—Did you not—Heavens! dare I utter such blasphemy?—hang thirteen unoffending Indians on thirteen gibbets, in honour of Christ and his twelve Apostles? My eyes have witnessed these horrid barbarities,—and yet I live.—Donna Elvira, you weep!—is your's then the only heart this horrible picture can touch?

Piz. This tale does not effect us; are we answerable for the cruelties of a Columbus or an Ovando?

Las Cas. Are you not about to renew those atrocious acts?

Val. And if we were—it is yet an undecided part whether these Indians are men, or if they are not of the tribe of apes; and the New World was given to us by the Holy Father “*to subdue it by the aid of the divine favour.*”

Piz. Let us waste no more time in vain words—time flies; are you resolved to fight?

Las Cas. Oh! first send me as the messenger of peace: let me endeavour with mildness to inculcate them to our holy religion.

Val. Let us rather, by the force of arms, prepare the way for your doctrines.

Las Cas. Oh God! thou hast appointed me not to curse but to bless; but here blessings were blasphemy.—Be cursed these homicides; may their cruel purposes be blasted; may the innocent blood shed this day be on them and their children!—No longer shall I witness your atrocities, but bury myself in the forest with less savage tygers; and when at the awful day of judgment, we stand before the tribunal of God, tremble at the charges I shall then bring against you. (*Going.*)

Elv. Oh Las Casas! suffer me to go with you.

Las Cas. No, Lady; remain and do what you can to

save thy fellow creatures.—I have no farther influence—but the charms of a woman may do what cannot be effected by the reasoning of an old man.—You may be the guardian angel of the wretched Peruvians. [*Exit.*]

Piz. Elvira, what do you mean to do?

Elv. I scarcely know: the venerable Las Casas appeared now like an angel—you and all of you, below humanity.

Piz. I am glad we are freed from this preacher of morality.

Alm. We shall now yawn less and fight more.

Piz. When the sun is vertical at noon, the Peruvians will offer their sacrifice—then you, Almagro, march by the left through the forest.—Gonzalo do you occupy the hill to the right, and I shall make the attack in the front. Our success will open to us the gates of Quito.

Alm. And Pizzaro be hailed king of Peru.

Gon. Excellent!

Elv. A most excellent plan; and what is to become of Elvira?

Piz. She will remain with her friend and protector.

Elv. As an attendant on the queen!

Piz. I shall give the heiress of Peru as much as generally falls to the lot of princesses—my hand; my heart will still be only Elvira's. You will accompany us?

Elv. Most certainly.—Elvira must be the first to pay homage to the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ.

Gom. We have taken prisoner an aged Cazique, apparently a spy on our camp.—He suffered himself to be chained without resistance, but every word he utters breathes defiance and contempt.

Piz. Bring him in. (*Gomez goes out and returns with the Cazique.*) Who are you?

Caz. Which is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Are you mad? (to Pizarro.) Shall I tear out his tongue?

Caz. Right: it will prevent you from hearing the truth.

Dev. Allow me to plunge this dagger in his heart?

Caz. (To Pizarro.) Does your army boast many such heroes?

Piz. Fool, stubborn fool! this insolence dooms thee to death.—But first confess all thou knowest.

Caz. That I have done. Thou hast, however, let me know one thing.

Piz. What?

Caz. That I must die.

Piz. Were thou less obstinate, thy life might be preserved.

Caz. My life is now only a withered tree, not worth being preserved.

Piz. Our arms could raise thee to the first rank among thy countrymen.

Caz. My countrymen! Know that old Crozimbo never was the least among them.

Piz. This morning we intend the attack; be thou our guide, and we will load thee with treasure.

Caz. Ha! ha! ha!

Piz. What, do you laugh at me?

Caz. I am too rich to be bribed: I am rich in two brave sons: I am rich in conscious virtue.

Piz. Tell me the number of your army?

Caz. Number the trees of the forest.

Piz. Which is the weakest side of your camp?

Caz. It has no weak side: it is on all sides fortified with justice.

Piz. At what hour do you offer your sacrifice?

Caz. Our praises are offered to heaven at all hours.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Caz. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Know you Alonzo?

Caz. Know I him! our better angel!

Piz. How has he deserved that title?

Caz. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Madman, learn to speak with respect.

Caz. I speak truth to God; and shall I not to man?

Val. Blasphemous wretch!—you do not know God.

Caz. (*Extending his eyes and arms piously to heaven.*) Yes I do know God.

Val. Our's is the only true religion.

Caz. Our religion is written in our hearts.

Val. Ye are idolaters.

Caz. Suffer us to follow the religion of our fathers, which teaches us to live in peace and die in hope.

Dav. Perverse people!

Caz. Young robber—we are not plunderers.

Dav. Be silent or tremble.

Caz. Shall I, who never trembled before God, tremble before thee, who art even less than man?

Dav. (*Drawing his dagger.*) Heathenish dog, another word, and this dagger shall silence thee.

Caz. Strike; then even thou may'st boast—"I too have killed a Peruvian."

Dav. (*Stabbing him*) Be this thy passport to hell.

Piz. What have you done?

Dav. Who could longer bear such scoffs?

Piz. You have saved him from the torture.

Caz. Young man, in saving me from the torture, thou hast lost an useful lesson: thou might'st have seen how cruelty could inflict tortures, and how virtue could endure them.

Eln. Monsters!—(*bending down to the Cazique.*)
—Wretched old man!

Caz. Call me not wretched.—I am on the point of happiness—see my wife calls me—yon glorious sun smiles upon me ;—heaven amend your hearts, and pardon you ! (*Dies*)

Elv. Could a christian, Valverde, have made a more noble end.

Val. He was supported by Satan.

Piz. Take hence the Body.—Follow me, friends, and each take your post. 'Ere the God of the Peruvians shall sink in the ocean, the Spanish banners shall fly on the walls of Quito.

[*Exit, followed by* Almagro, Gonzalo, Davila, *and* Gomez.]

Val. Now, fair Elvira, may not my hopes rise with Pizarro's arrogance ?

Elv. Heavens! how my heart is agitated ; this horrid succession of scenes of barbarity ; this shameless avowal of rapacity !

Val. Take refuge in my arms.

Elv. Miserable indeed must be my lot, when Valverde's arms are my refuge.

Val. Think you not that I can aim a dagger with certainty ?

Elv. It must be in the back then.—But tell me your price for murder ?

Val. An immense price—yet what you can easily pay.

Elv. Easily ! No : yet an injured woman cannot too dearly purchase revenge.—Leave me—you shall hear from me soon.

Val. My dagger is whetted—my arm already raised—one word from you lays him bleeding at your feet. [*Exit.*

Elv. (*Alone.*) No : should I even determine on murder, it should not be thus basely, and by such an in-

strument. Should Pizarro renounce me, who to him have sacrificed my honour and fame?—But no—it is mine to renounce him.—What in him engaged my love?—his being as I thought great; now he is little and mean, I love him no more. Yet hold: man does not always carry through his resolutions—ambition builds castles in the air, which fall before the breath of love. Once more I shall try him; if he then prove unworthy, then shall I trample him in the dust whence he rose. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

The Peruvian camp adjoining a village—In the centre an altar—In the distance a hill with a palm tree. CORA discovered seated on a bank of turf with her child—ALONZO standing by, looking on her with rapturous delight.

Cora. How like you he is!

Alon. No, rather like you.

Cora. Indulge me in my pleasure of tracing in him your likeness.

Alon. Has he not his mother's black hair?

Cora. But his eyes are blue, like his father's.

Alon. When he smiles, it is Cora herself.

Cora. (*Pressing the child to her breast.*) He is like us both.

Alon. He robs me of my rights—he steals kisses which before were only mine.

Cora. In him I kiss you.—Oh my Alonzo! let us offer our grateful thanks to the Gods.

Alon. And to Rolla!

Cora. Are you, Alonzo, happy?

Alon. Can my Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why then those sleepless nights; why those involuntary sighs?

Alon. Am I not engaged in fight against my brethren?

Cora. Are not all men our brethren? and seek not these Spaniards our destruction?

Alon. Should they be victors, what a fate awaits me!—Dear Cora, it is in your power to make me tranquil.

Cora. Is it? say how——

Alon. Fly this hour to the mountains, to your aged father, there you will be in safety, and I shall speedily join you, thither to announce our victory, or in case of adverse fortune to terminate my days with you in that asylum.

Cora. Where we will educate our son to avenge his country's wrongs. But Alonzo, how can I leave you in the hour of danger, when perhaps you may be wounded and left to the care of strangers?

Alon. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Where the battle rages Rolla will be: he can inflict wounds, not cure them: he would avenge thy death—but not save thee. No, Alonzo, where the husband is, must also be the wife.—Death only can separate us.

Alon. Angelic woman! born to bless me—and made mine almost by a miracle.

Cora. My Alonzo! my all! (*They tenderly embrace.*)

Enter ROLLA.

Rolla. (*Unperceived.*) Thanks to the Gods for this extatic sight.

Alon. Ah! Rolla!

Rolla. I was participating your transports.

Alon. You are the author of them.

Roll. Rapturous thought! But now listen to my council. Fly, Cora, with your child, into the recesses of the forest or mountains; here you are not safe—the enemy meditate a surprise.

Cora. Are we not sufficiently guarded?

Rolla. Victory rests with God—you cannot assist, and may injure us.

Alon. Rolla is in the right. Could I boldly charge the enemy, when I saw a Spaniard who might press forward and deprive me of Cora?

Cora. You flatter the woman, but the wife is deaf to it.

Alon. And is the mother deaf too?

Cora. I rely on you and Providence—I go wherever you please to direct.

Alon. Excellent wife! the King approaches to the sacrifice.

Enter ATALIBA, with a numerous train of SOLDIERS, COURTIERS, PRIESTS, and WOMEN.

Atal. Welcome Alonzo.—Gallant Rolla, your hand—happy mother, may the gods preserve thee.

Cora. May the gods bless the father of his people!

Atal. It is a father's greatest joy to see his children happy.—How, my friends, are the spirits of our troops?

Alon. They joyfully shout—"Our King is with us!"

Rolla. "He shares our toils!"

Alon. "God and the King!"

Rolla. "Victory or death!"

Atal. I know my people's love—every one would eagerly present his breast as my shield.—But say, is the enemy still quiet?

Rolla. They are, but as a calm before a hurricane.

Atal. We shall, by cool and prudent bravery, shield us against the coming storm.

Rolla. They fight for base gold—we for our native country.

Alon. They follow to the field an adventurer—we are led on by a monarch whom we love—

Atal. And a God whom we adore.

[*Here follows a solemn sacrifice to the Sun.—*

At the conclusion, enter a Peruvian hastily.]

Peruv. The enemy ! from the summit of the hill, I saw their army in motion.

Atal. Enough. Convey the women and children to a place of safety.

Cora. Must we then part, Alonzo ?

Alon. We only part to meet again—To God I commend my son and thee.

Cora. Alonzo, farewell. (*The women hang upon their husband's necks, the children clasp their father's knees.*)

Alon. Leave me, I conjure you.

Cora. I obey : act as becomes a hero ; but do not unnecessarily hazard your safety.

Alon. And will not Cora say one parting word to Rolla ?

Cora. (*Giving her hand.*) Bring me back Alonzo !

Atal. God be with you and us !

Cora. God prosper your arms !

[*Exit with the Priests and Women.*

Atal. (*Drawing his sword.*) Come then my friends !

Rolla. We follow you.

Atal. Alonzo, be it your's to defend the narrow passage through the mountains ; you, Rolla, oppose the foe in the forest, to the right.—I shall command the centre, and save my people, or fall with them.

Rolla. You shall not fall without us.

Atal. The word is GOD AND OUR COUNTRY !

[*Exit with the Warriors.*

Alon. Rolla, one word e'er we part—one word of Cora.

Rolla. Of Cora ! speak—

Alon. Next hour must bring us—

Rolla. Victory or death.

Alon. Victory perhaps to you, death to me; or if the gods decree, it may be the reverse.—Should I fall, Rolla, thou art my heir.

Rolla. How!

Alon. Be the husband of Cora, the father of my boy.

Rolla. Should fate so order it, I will, if I have Cora's free consent.

Alon. Say to her it was my last request: and carry my blessings to her and little Fernando.

Rolla. No more, I intreat you. In the hour of battle, the exhilarating sound of martial music is more grateful than the last request of the husband and the father.

Alon. But one word more: should this indeed be my last, bury me under the palm tree, under whose shade we have so often enjoyed the delights of friendship; sit there with Cora, on the grave of Alonzo, while each time my son pulls a flower from the hallowed earth, your sighs for the memory of your friend will echo thro' the leaves.

Rolla. Banish these forebodings: Now let us draw our swords.—For Cora and the king!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter a blind VETERAN led in by a boy.

Vet. Are they gone?

Boy. Yes, they have gone off different ways.

Vet. Now do I feel the loss of sight, which prevents me from wielding a sword, and dying like a soldier.

Boy. I will lead you to our cottage.

Vet. No child, lead me to the altar. (*he is led thither.*) I will remain here. Are we quite alone?

Boy. They are all away, and my father too is gone with the soldiers; I don't know what has become of my mother, and I will stay with you, my dear grandfather.

Vet. Hark! the battle is begun. Go, child, and climb up the tree that grows at the foot of your grandmother's tomb; you will see from thence the engagement, and inform me what you hear and see. (*The boy climbs up the tree.*) But lately I could bend the bow with the Inca himself, now I can only listen to the noise of arms; yet still a martial spirit warms me.—Well, child, what do you observe?

Boy. A great deal of dust and smoke. Whenever the smoke separates, I see our soldiers.

Vet. Do they push onwards?

Boy. No, they stand still.

Vet. That is good. Do you see the king's standard?

Boy. It flies in the midst of them.

Vet. Blessed be God! the Inca lives!

Boy. Now I see the Spaniards with their glittering arms—the Inca's standard disappears.

Vet. Heavens!

Boy. Our people give way.

Vet. My sword! my sword! I will to the field. O glorious sun, let me once view thy rays!

Boy. Now a cloud of dust conceals both armies.

Vet. Oh! that I should live till the day when my country is in distress, and I can only serve it with my prayers.—Ye Gods, under whose anger we bend, let not thy son, the Inca, fall by the hands of these robbers!

Boy. Some Peruvians come this way.

Vet. Still they retreat: come down, child—(*The Boy comes down.*)

Enter ATALIBA wounded, with a party of his Soldiers.

Atal. Here let me rest,—here die, if so decreed.

Sold. We will stay with you.

Atal. No:—return to the field your assistance is wanted there.

Sold. But your wound—

Atal. Is nothing—I command you go.—Go and avenge your fallen brethren. [*Exeunt.*] (*Supporting himself on the altar.*) Good heavens! what have I done to deserve this.

Vet. I hear the voice of lamentation—Who is it that thus complains?

Atal. A forsaken wretch, whose only hope is death.

Vet. Lives the king?

Atal. He does.

Vet. Then thou art not forsaken.—Ataliba is the protector of the meanest of his subjects.

Atal. And who is his protector?

Vet. Yonder glorious sun.

Atal. Now, however, he bends under the wrath of heaven.

Vet. Impossible! he never perverted justice—never oppressed the weak—never suffered sycophants to grow fat on the industry of the people—never denied the indigent—never refused to hear their complaints.

Atal. (*Aside.*) God! I thank thee! what transporting sensations in this bitter moment! Father do you know the king?

Vet. Do I know him! not many years ago I fought by his side against Huasker.

Atal. How long have you been in his service?

Vet. Fifty-four years.

Atal. And what reward have you received!

Vet. I enjoy repose in the midst of my family.

Atal. Is that all?

Vet. And is that nothing?—What stronger claim can a king have to the gratitude of his subjects, than to secure and maintain to them the enjoyment of tranquillity?

Atal. To you was due a greater reward.

Vet. Say not so.—My grand-children daily delight me

with his virtues, and the happiness he diffuses among his people.

Atal. And do all your brethren think of the king as you do?

Vet. Every one think so.

Atal. Why then should I fear death?—I feel not my wound.

Vet. Are you then wounded?—Run, boy, for the balsam. *[Exit Boy.]*

Atal. I thank you—my wound is but slight.

Vet. You should not then have quitted the king.

(Several Indians fly across the stage, as before the enemy.)

Indians. All is lost—fly, and save yourselves!

Atal. *(To one of the last.)* Stop, I command you—Tell me where is Alonzo?

Indian. I know not.

Atal. Where Rolla, then?

Indian. In the thickest of the enemy.

Atal. And have you deserted your chief.

Indian. I lost my sword.

Atal. Take mine, and die as becomes a Peruvian.

Indian. Death only shall rob me of this gift.

Vet. *(Calling after him.)* Is the king alive?—Alas! he does not hear me.

An Indian, mortally wounded, with difficulty reaches the feet of ATALIBA.

Indian. Now let me die.

Atal. Is all lost?

Indian. All is lost.

Atal. And has Rolla fallen?

Indian. Alonzo is fallen! but Rolla still lives.

Atal. Alonzo fallen!—this is a dreadful blow.

(*Taking the sword of the wounded Indian.*) Give me your sword, you can no longer use it.

Indian. My king,—what do you intend?

Atal. To bury myself in the ruins of my kingdom.

Vet. Gracious Heaven!—do I speak to the king?

Rolla. (*Behind.*) Stop—stop dastardly cowards—rally round me—'tis Rolla calls—back—return, I say to the fight—for God and the king!

Several voices. Yes: we will rally round the brave Rolla!

Atal. The valiant Rolla then still lives!—that is some comfort.

Vet. Beloved monarch, I have talked to you, and knew you not—Alas! my want of sight!

Atal. Worthy old man, your loyal attachment has given to me exquisite pleasure amidst the most poignant distress.

Vet. My child, once more climb the tree and view the battle.—(*Boy goes up.*)

The wounded Peruvian dying. First born of the sun, bless me e'er I die.

Atal. Thoudiest for thy country—God will bless thee.

Indian. May God bless and preserve the best of kings!—(*Dies.*)

Atal. I have not wantonly shed my subjects' blood.

Vet. Boy, what do you observe?

Boy. I see the Peruvians and Spaniards mixed together.

Atal. Ye Gods! if you require any atonement, let me be the victim—but spare my people!

Boy. I see the hats with plumbs of feathers fall.

Vet. The Spaniards!—strike, my countrymen, strike home.

Boy. I see Rolla.

Atal. He does not flinch?

Boy. His sword glitters like lightning.—They give way.

Vet. Who! who!

Boy. The enemy.

Vet. (*Leaving the altar, and groping his way.*)
They fly!—come!—pursue them!—extirpate the detested race!—Alas where am I? where am I boy?

Boy. They fly! they fly!

Atal. O God! thou hast rewarded my pious confidence.

Boy. (*Coming down from the tree.*) I saw them distinctly flying—I saw the standard of the Inca's again raised.—(*He leads the old man back to the altar.*)

(*The Indian who received the sword from Ataliba runs in nearly breathless.*)

Indian. We are conquerors!

Atal. Thou art heaven's messenger.

Indian. (*Laying his sword at Ataliba's feet.*)—My king! I return your sword—I have not disgraced it!

Atal. Keep it in memory of this day.—Now give us the particulars of the battle.

Indian. When our enemy had got the better, Rolla's valour turned the tide of victory.—He seemed more than man. When our troops were flying, endeavouring to escape the Spanish sword, weary of slaughter, Rolla stopped our passage, arrested our flight—lightning flashed from his eyes—thunder rolled from his mouth—while the next moment his voice was gentle as the dying swan's; he succeeded in rallying our troops; and, raising himself the Inca's standard, rushed with fury on the enemy. The Spaniards, secure of victory, had already begun to plunder the slain: they were then in confusion, when Rolla and the gods led us on to conquest. The enemy fled with terror, leaving us masters of the field.—Rolla commanded us to stop the pursuit—we set up the joyful shout of victory; and I have hastened to impart the glad tidings to my sovereign.

(*Taking the sword of the wounded Indian.*) Give me your sword, you can no longer use it.

Indian. My king,—what do you intend?

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Atal. Worthy old man, your loyal attachment has given to me exquisite pleasure amidst the most poignant distress.

Vet. My child, once more climb the tree and view the battle.—(*Boy goes up.*)

The wounded Peruvian dying. First born of the sun, bless me e'er I die.

Atal. Thou diest for thy country—God will bless thee.

Indian. May God bless and preserve the best of kings!—(*Dies.*)

Atal. I have not wantonly shed my subjects' blood.

Vet. Boy, what do you observe?

Boy. I see the Peruvians and Spaniards mixed together.

Atal. Ye Gods! if you require any atonement, let me be the victim—but spare my people!

Boy. I see the hats with plumes of feathers fall.

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Vet. Who ! who !

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Vet. (*Leaving the altar, and groping his way.*)
They fly !—come !—pursue them !—extirpate the detested race !—Alas where am I ? where am I boy ?

Boy. They fly ! they fly !

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Atal. Ha! here comes Rolla.—Now I find that king's are poor.

Enter ROLLA, bearing the banners of the Inca's—the troops following him.

Rolla. (*Laying the standard at Ataliba's feet.*)—

Atal. My friend! my better genius!

People. Long live Rolla!

Atal. (*Taking from his neck a diamond Sun, suspended by a gold chain, and hanging it on Rolla's neck.*)—I present to thee this testimony of the gratitude of a people whom thou hast this day delivered: wear this mark of their and my gratitude. The tears which dim it best bespeak my feelings.

Rolla. I am only an instrument in the hands of divine providence.

Vet. Heavens! can I only hear this scene of joy!

Rolla. Where is the brave Alonzo?

Atal. He is in heaven.

Rolla. Oh! miserable!

An Indian. He fell in the battle.

Rolla. Alas! Cora!

Atal. Dear bought victory!

Indian. He fell, it is true; but it is not certain that he is dead.

2nd Indian. I heard him call for help.

Rolla. And Rolla heard not his brother's voice!

Atal. The gods required a victim—we have lost our friend, but our country is freed. The shouts of victory will drown our lamentations.—Let us go to comfort the widows who have lost their husbands in battle. To dry the tears of the widow and the orphan is the first of a monarch's duties.

Rolla. How can I see Cora—and Alonzo no more?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Forest—Cora sitting under a tree, her child sleeping by her on a bed of moss; women and children dispersed in different groups.

Cora. Sweet babe, thou art still asleep!—open, my child, your blue eyes, that in them I may contemplate your father's!—Alas! where are now his eyes? do they still sparkle? does he still live?

Enter SADASKI hastily.

Sad. All is lost!—save yourselves, the king is wounded!—perhaps now dead.

The Women (Together.) Oh! miserable day!

Cora. Say!—What of my Alonzo?

Sad. I have not seen him.

The Women. Whither shall we fly?

Sad. In the midst of the forest.

Cora. Alas, I cannot fly.

Enter ZUMA.

Zuma. Fly not so soon—we still have hopes.

Women. Hopes! how! what!

Zuma. Rolla has rallied our troops: he now rushes among the enemy like a wounded lion.

Women. Blessed Rolla!—the favorite of heaven!

Cora. Oh!—What news of Alonzo?

Zuma. I have not seen him.

Women. Is the king wounded?

Zuma. He was carried off from the field—I saw his sacred blood trickle from his wound.

One of the Women. All kneel, sisters, and pray for our monarch's life.

All. Gracious heaven! protect the first born of the sun.

Cora. Oh God! give me my Alonzo! my child clasp your little hands, and pray for your father and your country.

Enter ZORANO.

Zorano. Victory! victory!

Women. Welcome! messenger of joy!

(They surround him and cover him with caresses.)

Zorano. Pray let me go—I know no more.

Women. Does the king live?

Zorano. He does—he does—'twas Rolla gained the victory.

Women. Blessings on Rolla!

Cora. And where is Alonzo?

Zorano. I have not seen him.

Women. They come! they come!—Let us crown the victors with garlands.

Cora. None of them seen him!—Oh! my child, hast thou yet a father!

A Woman. (*A march is heard.*)—Hark! they approach!—See the heroes! lift up your children, that they too may unite their little voices with our's to hail the conquerors. (*The Women raise shouts of triumph.*) Hail to the children of the Sun! Hail! all conquering Rolla! Eternal blessings on our father and king, this day saved to his people.

Enter ATALIBA and ROLLA with the troops.—The Women receive them with loud acclamations, crowning them with garlands.

Atal. My children, I thank you.

Women. Let us pour balsam into your wounds.

Atal. My wound is trifling: I have in victory found a sovereign balsam.

Cora. (*With her child goes among the ranks to look for Alonzo—in despair she comes up to Rolla*) Where is my Alonzo? (*Rolla turns away in silence.*) Give me my husband!—give my child his father!

Atal. (*Striving to conceal his feelings.*) Is not Alonzo arrived?

Cora. (*Eagerly.*) You expect him then!

Atal. The gods will hear our prayers.

Cora. Does he still live?

Atal. He lives in my heart.

Cora. O king, you torture me—talk not thus equivocally—keep me not in this dreadful suspense; but kill me rather with one blow!—Tell me! am I a widow?—is my child an orphan?

Atal. Dearest Cora? do not by this sad anticipation lessen the little hope we have.

Cora. Little hope!—yet still hope!—what mean you! speak Rolla! fear not to give utterance to truth, which you love.

Rolla. Alonzo is missing.

Cora. Missing!—you too evade my question.—O ! keep not your thunder at a distance, but let it at once fall upon this distracted head : say at once he is no more.

Rolla. Then shall I utter a falsehood.

Cora. Thanks to the gods!—but have none of you compassion to relieve me from this tormenting uncertainty ?

Rolla. Alonzo is a prisoner.

Cora. A prisoner!—and to the Spaniards!—a prisoner to Pizarro!—then indeed his death is certain.

Atal. I hope not ; I shall immediately send a herald to offer a princely ransom.

Cora. A ransom—O ! take all my jewels.

Atal. And will not Cora give me the satisfaction of ransoming my friend ?

Several Women. (*After conferring together, and producing each her casket of jewels.*) Cora—take our jewels—accept of them, we entreat you—they are given with willing hearts.

Cora. O my generous friends ! (*Embracing them.*)

Atal. Heaven ! I thank thee for making me the ruler over this humane people.

Cora. This infant shall first learn to lisp out thanks. Ataliba, take these precious gifts, and dispatch your herald.

Atal. Not a moment shall be lost.—(*Delivers the jewels to his attendants*)

Cora. Let me accompany the messenger—haply the tears of a mother may move those who are proof against gold.

Atal. Cora this must not be : your going would expose both yourself and husband to further danger ; wait the herald's return.

Cora. Teach me then how to support life during the anxious suspense.

Atal. Remember, Cora, that you are as much as well as a wife: would you risk your son falling into the hands of the cruel Spaniards? be just also to yourself, —think of exposing the sight of your charms to these monsters: you would by this rashness hazard at once your honour, your life, and your child—instead of rescuing Alonzo, your presence would more strongly rivet his chains—need I say more.—Remain here, Cora:—Forget not that you are a mother.

Cora. (*Embracing her child.*) No—I will not forget it.

Atal. Let us now go and offer our devout thanks to heaven for the deliverance of our country.

Cora. Oh! first promise me that this evening Alonzo shall return in safety.

Atal. How can I make such a promise?

Cora. Can you not!—then perhaps he is already dead! cry aloud, child, and demand thy father at the hands of this man, for whom he died!

Atal. You tear my heart: should he not return, will my loss be less than your's: you might find another husband, but where should I meet such a friend?

] *Exeunt all but Cora and Rolla.*

Cora. Miserable comfort! wretched orphan, what will become of thee!

Rolla. Do not, Cora, abandon yourself to despair!—trust in the Gods.

Cora. Alas! they have forsaken me!

Rolla. They have in friendship made a balm for every wound.

Cora. Friendship!

Rolla. They have planted the flowers of hope in the soul of affliction.

Cora. Those flowers are to me withered.

Rolla. You allow despair to blight them: your an-

guish makes you ungrateful—a miracle conferred Alonzo upon you—a miracle may again restore him.

Cora. But should he not? I cannot speak the rest.

Rolla. Can your child be fatherless while Rolla lives?

Cora. Can Rolla be also his mother? does he think I can survive Alonzo's loss.

Rolla. Yes, for the sake of this innocent: the hand of time—the friendship of Ataliba—the love of Rolla.

Cora. Away with friendship—with love! mock not the husbandman with a handful of grass, who has had his crop destroyed by the pitiless storm.

Rolla. If you will not hearken to your own friend, refuse not to listen to Alonzo's.

Cora. Alonzo's friend! who was not Alonzo's friend?

Rolla. Listen to his parting words.

Cora. His parting words!—speak! I conjure you!

Rolla. He gave me in pledge, two precious trusts!—to carry his blessing to his son, and his last request to his wife.

Cora. His last request! oh let me hear it!

Rolla. If, said he, I fall—and his whole frame trembled while he pressed my hand—be then the father of Fernando—be Cora thy wife.

Cora. Thy wife!

Rolla. I gave my promise—and we separated.

Cora. Ha! a horrible light breaks in upon me! hast thou, Alonzo, fallen a victim to thy unsuspecting heart!—had'st thou been silent, instead of bequeathing these wretched charms to a too impatient heir!—

Rolla. What unworthy suspicion has seized you!

Cora. It is too evident! Yes: you placed him where he was to meet death: his bravery made him fall too easily into your snares—he flew among the swords of the enemy, and you saw him at a distance, and smiled at his fall.

Rolla. (In the utmost astonishment.) Can this be Cora!

Cora. You might have saved him—but the bequest was in your view—you turned aside, and he fell.

Rolla. O glorious Sun!—did I think to live to this?—*Cora*, take this sword, and kill me at once.

Cora. No: live for the sake of love—love which blossoms on the grave of thy friend.—But as thou listened to Alonzo's last request, now here my solemn vow: Sooner shall my child draw poison from my breast, than he shall call thee father, or I husband!

Rolla. Call me then what I really am—thy friend and protector.

Cora. Away! I know no protector, but heaven—I will fly to the field—will examine every mangled body—will seek in every disfigured countenance the sweet smile of my husband—I will call on Alonzo till my veins burst—if one spark of life remains, he will hear the voice of *Cora*. But should I not find him, we will go, my child, to the enemy's camp—even the Spaniards are men, and thy innocent smiles will make a passage through a thousand swords.—Who will keep back a wife seeking her husband?—who will spurn the infant crying for its father?—A mother carrying her child, bears the passport of nature through the world.

[*Exit.*

(*Rolla alone.*—He stands for a while silent and motionless, his eyes gloomily riveted on the ground—hurt at the unexpected accusation;—at length in a tone of anguish, exclaims—“this to me!”—he then relapses into thought—his eyes roll—his heart seems big with some great project, and he cries out—“I will yet compel her to esteem me.”)

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PIZARRO's Tent.—PIZARRO alone.

Thou jilt, fortune—thou playest the wanton with boys—men are too rough for thee; thou bestowed thy favours upon the downy chin and unfurrowed cheeks of youth, whilst thy charms are withheld from the manly brow! — meretricious harlot, run on—drive thy wheel in triumph over my mangled body—but grant, oh grant me vengeance on Alonzo: this is the only request I have to make thee.

Enter ELVIRA.

Piz. Who dares to intrude?—Elvira! who presumed to admit you!—what do you want?

Elv. I am come to see how a hero bears misfortune.

Piz. Did you not see me amidst my flying troops—striking down the dastards—did you not see me alone of all our host after defeat, stand with unsubdued firmness?

Elv. I did see you in these scenes of adverse fortune—but to prove a hero, it is necessary to see him in his retirement—To support adversity before the eyes of the world is easier than when alone—Many will, in the silence of night tremble at a phantom, who, when exposed to view, will brave the greatest dangers.

Piz. Well, you see me in retirement—do you hear me lament?

Elv. Lament! lamentation is fit only for women and priests—but you knit your brow and gnash your teeth—that even is unworthy of you.—I would have you be calm and silent as night, after storm has spent its force: calm as the grave on the eve of the general resurrection—then on the dawn of morn will the hero emerge with renewed vigour.

Piz. And speaks a woman thus!—Oh! had my men this day shewn such courage!

Elv. Still hope, Pizarro!—assume new courage, and yet you may grasp the crown of Quito.

Piz. Alas! Elvira, while Alonzo, my scourge, continues to lead the foe—

Elv. Alonzo!—he is taken prisoner!

Piz. How! is it possible!

Elv. He has been this moment brought in chained to our camp.

Piz. Heavens! what glorious news!—Alonzo in my power—then I am the victor!

Elv. I am impatient to see a man who has thus appaled Pizarro.

Piz. What ho!—guards! (*enter a Soldier*,) lead the Spanish prisoner hither. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Elv. What do you intend?

Piz. That he shall die in lingering torture.

Elv. For shame! think how posterity will blast your fame—Pizarro, it will be said, could not conquer, till he had murdered Alonzo!

Piz. What care I for the opinions of posterity.

Elv. Is that a sentiment worthy of Pizarro—act nobly if you cannot act justly.

Piz. How would you have me act?

Elv. Return Alonzo's sword, and challenge him to single combat.

Piz. What! one who has betrayed his country; nay, perhaps his God! shall he be allowed to die the death of a hero?

Elv. Do as you think proper; but mark me well—if you assassinate Alonzo, you for ever lose Elvira.

Piz. Why do you interest yourself thus for a stranger—what is he to you?

Elv. He is nothing to me—your glory every thing: think you my love is to your person—no, Pizarro, 'tis your fame.

Piz. I am a Spaniard,—revenge is beyond all fame—and my revenge shall be satisfied.

Enter ALONZO in chains, and guarded—ELVIRA views him with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.

Piz. Don Alonzo de Molina, you are welcome—it's long since we have met—you are grown plump and fat.

Alon. And yet I have not fed on blood and plunder.

Piz. I hear too you are married—perhaps already a father—

Alon. Do you grieve that you cannot murder the child in its mother's womb?

Piz. (*His eyes inflamed with rage.*) Presumptuous boy!

Elv. You are properly answered.—Why thus insult the unfortunate?

Piz. Who appointed you to be his advocate?

Elv. 'Tis unmanly to insult an enemy in your power.

Piz. Begone!

Elv. I will not.

Piz. Will you oblige me to use force?

Elv. I am in a condition to defend myself (*drawing a dagger.*)

Alon. Noble youth! who are you? I do not remember you.

Elv. Who I am is of no consequence—my conduct is all.

Alon. Whoe'er you are, regard your own safety—to defend me is to seek to rob the tyger of his prey.

Piz. Thou art a traitor to the country in which thou wert born.

Alon. I was not born amidst murderers and robbers.

Piz. An apostate from the faith.

Alon. It is false.

Piz. What! have you not married a heathen?

Alon. It is for God to judge of all hearts.

Piz. And he judges them according to their deserts.

Alon. In a future state—not always here.

Piz. Thy hours are numbered—can'st thou justify thy conduct?

Alon. Who are to be my judges?

Piz. Need'st thou ask that question?

Alon. What! art thou then the despot?

Piz. Thou would'st appeal to the council of war?

Alon. If they still retain the venerable Las Casas, one of the members, I would—if not, their trouble may be spared.

Piz. Thus it is that rashness ever seeks to shelter itself under folly.

Alon. Folly!—if the sentiments of my virtuous tutor be deemed folly, inflict not on me wisdom?—may I live and die in the folly of Las Casas!

Piz. That wish will soon be gratified.

Alon. Think'st thou to frighten me?

Piz. Say, Sir, were Las Casas in the place of Pizarro, how could'st thou defend thyself even to him.

Alon. I would conduct him through the verdant plains of Quito—lead him through rich pastures and luxuriant meads—shew him where the plough has rendered heretofore uncultivated tracks fertile, and where the luxurious fields promise a rich harvest to our hopes—I would tell him “this is my doing”—I would shew him content smiling on the countenance of innocence, grateful for the abolition of barbarous laws—this too tell him is my doing! I would shew him thousands of misled people won by gentleness, and led to truth, holding up their hands to the only and true God—this I would proudly say is my work:—and gentle Las Casas would then embrace me, and with tears of soft compassion, call down a blessing upon my head—This, Pizarro, will teach you how a man is enabled to meet death with smiles.

Piz. Alonzo, still I see, is an enthusiast.

Alon. And when I renounce such enthusiasm, may I be branded with the name of—Pizarro's friend!

Piz. Go on, young man. But know, that our council, by whom you are to be tried, are not women, but men of firmness.

Alon. I understand what you mean by firmness;—they shall find me too a man of firmness.

Piz. 'Tis well—for you have but few hours to live;—prepare for your fate.

Alon. I am prepared.

Piz. Are you prepared to leave your wife and child?

Alon. I rely on the protection of Providence over them.

Piz. I congratulate you on your proud bearing—direct your prayers then to Providence, for the rising of to-morrow's sun will be your summons to death.

Alon. I thank you for this promptitude of vengeance.

Elv. Stop, Alonzo!—Pizarro, he must not die!

Piz. Are you mad?

Elv. I ask not of you virtue,—I ask not magnanimity, but I ask that you will be just to your fame. Free your prisoner—restore him to his sword, and challenge him to single combat—Your refusal makes you the object of my scorn.

Piz. Shall I set him free, that he may again embrue his hands in his brethren's blood?

Alon. Never shall I call robbers my brethren.

Piz. Do you hear that, Elvira?—Hence Alonzo, you know your doom!

Alon. I know it, and despise you!—For you, generous youth, accept my grateful thanks;—this camp is not for you,—among those called savages, you will find companions more congenial to your feeling heart, than among these cruel Spaniards. [Exit.

Piz. Now, madam, you may revile me as you please—it will be pouring oil into the flame of my revenge—his demeanour bespeaks the pupil of Las Casas.

Elv. I do admire Alonzo.

Piz. In a few hours you may say, I *did* admire Alonzo.

Elv. Do you then still determine his death?

Piz. It is certain as that the sun which now reaches the horizon shall set.

Elv. Have you determined too the manner of his death?

Piz. Not yet—I am considering what is the most exquisite species of torture.

Elv. I could name a torture which inflicts lingering pangs on the sufferer, while it communicates the most ecstatic pleasure to the inflictor.

Piz. Name it;

Elv. It is to call forth the blush of shame on the cheek of your enemy by a generous deed.

Piz. I do not understand you!

Elv. It is to pardon and to free Alonzo.

Piz. Again will you interfere?

Elv. A thousand times. My council deserves your thanks—it seeks to avert from you the detestation of posterity. In the page of history it will be read, that Pizarro having landed in the western hemisphere, with a handfull of troops, conquered the monarch of a mighty empire—the reader will remark, that “Pizarro was a brave man;” —but when he goes on to read that the conqueror pardoned a haughty enemy in chains, then will he exclaim with admiration “Pizarro was a great man!”

Piz. What is to me the admiration of posterity—will my bones, mouldering in dust, enjoy it?

Elv. I grant that fame is but a bubble, and those who pant after it are children—yet this bubble raises men to demi-gods.

Piz. But when the page of history records that Pizarro satisfied a just revenge—what will posterity then say?

Elv. That Pizarro, who could thrust a dagger in the bosom of an enemy in chains, was a mere common man.

Piz. Hercules strangled the giant Antœus, and Apollo slayed alive Marsyas——

Elv. For playing better than him—and you have the same reason for slaying Alonzo, for certainly he has played better than you.

Piz. Elvira, no more—you are a woman. [*Exit.*

Elv. (alone.) A woman; know that and tremble!—I can hate as violently as I can love—Yes, the fury and revenge of an enraged woman shall cause thee greater danger than thou hast yet encountered—I swear thy destruction—Alonzo shall live—nay, he shall enjoy my love—not because youth and beauty adorn his cheeks, but because the idol which in Pizarro I worshipped proves an inanimate image—because the temple, which appeared of the purest marble, proves a painted booth. Pizarro, I could have pardoned you, had you proved faithless to me in order to obtain a crown—but you have renounced the path of glory, and Elvira's heart is lost to you for ever. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A Tent in the Spanish Camp.—Time
Midnight.*

Alon. (Alone.) The Greek and Roman sages, altho' heathens, taught men to despise death—and shall a Christian tremble at the thoughts of it:—what they only hoped, we know—that there is another and a better world;—yet do I tremble:—is it that the strength of youth more ardently struggles against a premature dissolution?—But why premature?—Shall Alonzo calculate his life by its mere length?—Has he not enjoyed the felicity of being the husband of Cora? Alas! that name calls me irresistibly to life—my wife my infant:—the one attaches me by the bonds of love—the other by the smile of innocence. Cassius, thou wert not a husband! Seneca, thou wert not a father! the voice of Nature cries within me, live!—and my heart reverberates the sound.—Can this innate sentiment degrade the man, the hero?—Almighty God!—I wish to live!

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. Don Alonzo!

Alon. Who calls—come in?

Elv. Do you not know me?

Alon. I do indeed—Can I forget the amiable youth who ventured to expostulate in my favour with the savage Pizarro? Tell me who are you—fain would I know the name of the young eagle to whom I am so much indebted:—what are you?

Elv. Can you not guess?—where does humanity shew so much as in the breast of a woman? who, like a woman, will dare to defy a tyrant?

Alon. A woman!—is it possible!—perhaps Donna Elvira?

Elv. Yes, I am Elvira.

Alon. But why such a visit at such an hour?

Elv. What are hours to those who come to relieve distress?

Alon. It is my last hour.

Elv. Indeed it is not.

Alon. Pizarro hath sworn that I shall die.

Elv. And Elvira hath sworn that you shall live. Do you wish to die?

Alon. To say I do, were to deceive both you and myself.

Elv. Fly then instantly—

Alon. Fly! you jest!

Elv. This would rather be an improper season for jesting.

Alon. But these chains—my guards—

Elv. To loosen chains, and elude guards, is the pastime of love.

Alon. Of love!

Elv. Give it any name you please:—I saw you brought in chains before Pizarro;—I saw in you the heroism of an ancient Roman—your chains then dropped from your wrists, and fixed my heart;—I resolved to save you—with me to resolve, is to act—I felt, and as I felt I acted.

Alon. You come then to deliver me?

Elv. I come to deliver you, and hope you will deliver me,—you shall snatch me from this whirlpool, which swallows in its sanguinary vortex every struggle for fame:—you shall snatch me from the devious course, where avarice destroys the laurels of glory.—Elvira is no common woman!—my love is not to be satisfied with sitting at the spinning wheel, quietly telling stories to my children;—no—my breast pants after glory—my lips must recant the heroic deeds of him I love

—Alonzo, if such a love can please you, it is your's to make me forget my misfortune in being born a woman—it is mine to preserve you.

Alon. Lovely Elvira—if I understand you right—you ask what is not in Alonzo's power to grant—I am already married.

Elv. Yes, but to a heathen.

Alon. Yet she is my wife—and under every climate love sanctions the ties of marriage.

Elv. And does she repay you with equal love?

Alon. Does Elvira not know her sex better than to ask that question:—Does she not know, that woman alike exceed in love and hate?

Elv. And yet this lov'd and loving wife you would make a widow.

Alon. Her and my destiny are in the hand of Providence.

Elv. Every man who has not spirit to act, will make the same answer.—Have you children?

Alon. I have a son, the pledge of pure affection.

Elv. And him you would make an orphan?

Alon. Alas! my Fernando!

Elv. Does it become a hero to waste that time in bewailing, which he ought to employ in acting with vigour?—Attend to me: If you be every thing to your wife, no price can be to her too high to pay for her husband's life:—she will joyfully sacrifice her claims upon you, and yield her husband to his preserver.

Alon. Even to that I am confident she would consent.

Elv. What then, can you object?

Alon. Can you ask such a question?—In a few short hours death will loosen my chains—while this would be to her a lingering decay, where death alone could terminate her sorrows. She would suppress her tears, when she saw me in your arms; I should give a loud vent to my grief upon your bosom, Lovers can sacri-

sice every thing to their passion, but the passion itself. I am every thing to my Cora—she every thing to me. I came to this country in search of treasure :—I have an amiable wife, the most inestimable of treasures ; and shall I throw away this gem to purchase a wretched existence of no value without her ?—Oh my Cora ! in your arms I have enjoyed true happiness ! from your arms death only can separate me. Leave me, lady, I intreat you—if on these terms only, you can preserve my life : I am grateful for kindness, but cannot accept it.

Elv. Your sentiments do you honor, and I will cherish the idea that had you been free, I might have been the object of your attachment ;—I cannot but envy the happy Cora. But away with every ungenerous sentiment : let me efface it by a disinterested act. Mark me, Alonzo,—take this dagger and follow me. I will conduct you to the tent of Pizarro, where you can plunge it in the heart of the tyrant while he sleeps. Terror will, on such an event, seize the army, and we will avail ourselves of the confusion to escape to your Peruvians. Then shall I enjoy the tears of your Cora ; then listen to the prattle of your Fernando ; and all my ambitious thoughts will be forgotten. This way—follow me.

Alon. To murder a man in his sleep !——

Elv. That man is Pizarro—your merciless enemy.

Alon. I could not even murder the common enemy of mankind in his sleep.

Elv. I hate Pizarro ; he has been false to me—I despise him ; he can trample on a fallen foe. Generosity is due only to the generous.—A villain should be treated as a villain.—Free the burthened earth from a monster, which the old world has vomited forth, for the devastation of the new.—Your adopted country will, with grateful acclamations, hail your return ; and in your future life you will enjoy honourable repose in the bosom of your family.—Haste, then, Alonzo, determine.

Alon. I have determined.

Elv. Follow me then—

Alon. Never! Seek some other instrument for your revenge. Once Pizarro loved me—I shared with him the dangers of the field—I shared with him his table—I slept in peace by his side—and you would have me murder him in his sleep.

Elv. Has he not broken every tie that united you?

Alon. The tie of gratitude can never be broken.

Elv. Obstinate enthusiast, I leave you—Solitude and the dread of death may perhaps restore you sober reflection—Meantime know, that Pizarro has refused an immense ransom for your life, there is therefore no means of preserving you but what I have proposed.

Alon. Then I am ready to die.

Elv. Already the dawn of morn breaks in the east, and announces the approach of your fate. The minutes fly swift—a few more only are yours, and the opportunity once lost can never return. I leave you to reflection: in a quarter of an hour I shall come back and know your final resolution. [*Exit.*]

Alon. (alone.) You may spare the fruitless visit—Death is a bitter medicine; vice a sweet poison. To heaven and Rolla I commend my Cora—may they seek protection in the mountains where peace and innocence reign—may my orphan child never know from what hapless blood he is sprung—never know that a Spaniard was his father. Omnipotent Jehovah, or Sun! for to thee it matters not by what name thou art addressed—grant health and purity of mind to those I leave behind me—all else is vanity. Already the morning begins to illumine the tops of the mountains—one short hour only is mine—I will me down to rest; do thou my pure conscience call repose to thy friend's aid; (*lies down,*) my strength is exhausted, weariness closes my eye-lids—come, gentle sleep, and prepare me for an acquaintance with your younger brother. (*falls asleep.*)

SCENE—*The outside of ALONZO's Tent—A Sentinel walking backwards and forwards.*

Sent. (*Calling,*) Who goes there? answer!

Rolla. (*Behind the scenes,*) A priest.

Sent. What is your business, reverend father?

Rolla. (*Entering disguised.*) I pray you, friend, inform me where I can find Alonzo?

Sent. He is in this tent.

Rolla. I must see him!

Sent. You cannot see him.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. You cannot see him if he were your brother—he dies at sun-rise.

Rolla. Then I am just in time—

Sent. To witness his death.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. Keep back! you cannot.

Rolla. I entreat you—(*he produces the diamond Sun presented him by the king,*) See this jewel!

Sent. What of that?

Rolla. It is your's—only conduct me to your prisoner.

Sent. Think you to bribe an old Castilian!

Rolla. Take it for the performance of a good action.

Sent. Away! I know my duty.

Rolla. Soldier! are you married?

Sent. I am.

Rolla. Have you children?

Sent. Yes; four boys.

Rolla. Where did you leave them?

Sent. (*In a softer voice.*) At home, in my native country.

Rolla. Do you love your wife and sons?

Sent. Do I love them!

Rolla. If you were to die in this strange land—

Sent. Then I would charge one of my comrades to carry my last blessing to my family.

Rolla. And should any one be cruel enough to deny your comrade access to them ——

Sent. How!—what do you mean?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and a child: that afflicted wife has sent me to receive her husband's last blessing.

Sent. Enter then.

Rolla. O Sacred nature! thou art ever true to thyself.—(goes in.)

SCENE—Changes to the inside of the Tent.....*ROLLA enters.*

Rolla. Alonzo!—ha! he lies asleep! Alonzo!

Alon. Come you to summon me to death?—I am ready.

Rolla. Rouse thyself, Alonzo!

Alon. Ha! whose voice is that?

Rolla. It is the voice of Rolla.

Alon. Rolla! am I really awake!—is it not a dream? Speak, how got you admittance?

Rolla. We have no time for words, (*Takes off the Monk's habit.*) This disguise I took from the body of a priest, who this day fell in battle—Take it and fly!

Alon. And you.—

Rolla. I shall remain.

Alon. Alonzo can never consent to that—Leave you to die for me! rather would I twice suffer the pangs of death.

Rolla. I shall not die. Pizarro seeks not the death of Rolla, but of Alonzo—Your arm shall soon free me from my prison.

Alon. You little know Pizarro's rancorous soul!—you snatch from him his prey! and will not the tyrant, in revenge, sacrifice you to his fury?

Rolla. No—a large ransom will redeem me.

Alon. His love of revenge is ever beyond his love of gold.

Rolla. Were I even to perish—I am in the world a solitary being—a plantain standing alone in the de-

sert, which, when cut down, is not missed—you, my Alonzo, are a husband and a father—to you a wife and child look up for protection; their happiness depends upon your life—quick then—take this habit and fly.

Alon. Would I be the cowardly assassin of my friend—to save a miserable life, which must be embittered with perpetual tortures?

Rolla. Only in Cora's arms, remember Rolla. His fate will be but a tear in the cup of felicity. I have lived to little purpose. Deny me not then the satisfaction of thinking that I shall not die in vain.

Alon. Can Rolla thus torture me—thus embitter my dying moments?

Rolla. It is not, alas! in my power to sweeten them. I have not even the sad satisfaction of bringing you a last farewell from your dear wife—She is nearly insensible, falling from one swoon into another.

Alon. Oh! my Cora!

Rolla. Unless you fly to her quickly, her life will be in the greatest danger.

Alon. Her life!

Rolla. Yes, her life—if you die, she will not survive—and your Fernando will be an orphan.

Alon. Rolla will be a father to him.

Rolla. Do you think that Rolla will survive the loss of Cora?

Alon. Heaven grant me fortitude to support this conflict.

Rolla. What do you expect to gain by your obstinacy? If you refuse to escape, I will not—Here I shall remain, nor shall any power on earth force me from you—You will be gratified with beholding Rolla perish by your side, and Cora will be left without a protector.

Alon. Rolla, you distract me!

Rolla. Rolla never would counsel his friend to any thing derogatory to his honour—(*he dresses Alonzo in the monk's habit,*) Conceal your face, wrap yourself well

up, and take care not to let your chains rattle—go, heaven be your protector!—give my kindest wishes to Cora, and tell her she did me injustice.

Alon. (*Embracing.*) Oh, my friend! I cannot speak my feelings!

Rolla. Your tear, which I feel warm on my cheek, speaks most powerfully—it more than repays me.

Alon. But a few hours, I return either to accomplish your deliverance, or share your fate. [*Exit.*

Rolla. (*alone.*) For the first time in my life have I been guilty of deception;—pardon me, thou God of truth!—Alonzo will not see me but in another world—in a world where I shall enjoy the love of Cora—Selfish Rolla! hast thou done this act merely for thyself, that Cora, on her entrance into heaven, may first seek the deliverer of her husband. Hark! who comes?

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. I now come, Alonzo, to see whether reflection has made you think better of what I proposed (*she sees Rolla,*) Ha! what! who are you? where is Alonzo?

Rolla. Alonzo is escaped.

Elv. Escaped!—he must be pursued. (*going.*)

Rolla. Stop Madam, that must not be, (*holding her.*)

Elv. Insolence! I shall call the guard.

Rolla. As you please;—only you must let Alonzo have time.

Elv. Touch me not, I command you. (*again attempting to go.*)

Rolla. By heavens! you shall not stir—(*seizes her in his arms.*)

Elv. (*Drawing a dagger.*) Release me, or this goes to your heart.

Rolla. Strike, if you please; but altho' I fall I'll hold you.

Elv. Indeed!—these noble sentiments urge me to know you better:—release me, and I promise not to stir.

Rolla. (Quitting his hold,) It is enough, Alonzo has now had time to escape.

Elv. And was this escape effected by your means?

Rolla. It was.

Elv. Dare you to say so?

Rolla. Why should I not?

Elv. Are you prepared to die in his stead?

Rolla. I am prepared.

Elv. You are no common friend!

Rolla. It was not friendship—

Elv. Not friendship!—Who, and what are you?

Rolla. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian General!

Rolla. Yesterday I was so.

Elv. What! Rolla in our power!

Rolla. Just so.

Elv. You have been treated with neglect: you wish revenge:—your Sovereign has not rewarded your merits.

Rolla. His rewards have much exceeded my deserts.

Elv. And yet you have ventured thus! not actuated by revenge, nor friendship—One other passion only could prompt thee to so desperate a step.

Rolla. And that is—

Elv. Love.

Rolla. You are right.

Elv. You love then!—who is the object of your passion?

Rolla. That to you is nothing.

Elv. And you hope by this rash step—

Rolla. I hope nothing.

Elv. I understand you—the object of your passion is no more—you come impelled by despair to throw away your life—

Rolla. You may form your own conjectures.

Elv. Much do I pity you—that, at these early years, you should be driven to renounce the world and your fame.

Rolla. Fame is only given by posterity.

Elv. But patriotism—do you not yet desire to render your country service?

Rolla. That I shall do if I survive.

Elv. How?

Rolla. By fighting against you.

Elv. This to my face?

Rolla. Were you Pizarro, it should be to his face.

Elv. Ha!—you are the man I wish for.

Rolla. Then, if you can, resemble me—

Elv. I!—a weak woman!

Rolla. A woman!

Elv. You are surprised—

Rolla. No—nothing that a woman does can surprise me.

Elv. Not even if she shewed herself capable of a great action?

Rolla. No, not even then.

Elv. You honour our sex.

Rolla. Your sex is either better or worse than our's.

Elv. Were I to restore you to your country, and to your country peace, would you not rank me in the better class?

Rolla. Perhaps I should.

Elv. Only perhaps.

Rolla. The act is not enough to prove its being good; we must view the motive.

Elv. Proud man! is there any way I can deserve your friendship?

Rolla. There is, by being my friend.

Elv. Well then I shall endeavour. The morning only just dawns, there yet is opportunity—take this dagger—I will conduct you to Pizarro's tent—dispatch him while he sleeps, and we shall fly together—You thus escape inevitable death, and free your country from this hellish scourge.

Rolla. Does this proceed from his injuries to you?

Elv. I loved, I doated on his fame, his glory—that extinct, I detest him.

Rolla. You once loved him?

Elv. I once thought I did, when I heard his fame the admiration of his country.

Rolla. And yet you wish me to murder him in his sleep.

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in chains?—it is only dealing with him, as he would have dealt;—a man in chains, is, in point of defence, the same as one asleep.

Rolla. Give me the dagger!

Elv. Here—

Rolla. Lead on.

Elv. First you must dispatch the sentinel on guard.

Rolla. Murder the Sentinel!—

Elv. It must be so—else he will give the alarm.

Rolla. Take back the dagger.

Elv. How!

Rolla. That sentinel is a man.

Elv. A man! he is so—well—

Rolla. All are not men that are of human form.

Elv. What do you mean?

Rolla. This man would not take my gold—he was gained by the best sentiments of humanity;—for a thousand worlds I would not hurt him.

Elv. Well, then, we must try to deceive him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Pizarro's Tent*—PIZARRO on a couch—his slumbers disturbed and short—uttering these broken sentences in his sleep.

Blood! blood!—revenge!—no mercy! cut off his head! there—there is the headless trunk! ha! see his flaxen tresses dyed with gore!

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA softly.

Elv. There the tyrant lies—quick dispatch him.

Rolla. Leave me alone to do it. (*Exit Elvira.*) (*Advancing to the couch, and eyeing Pizarro in silence.*) This then is the disturber of our peace—this the robber

sent by Providence against us as a scourge—and yet this monster can sleep!

Piz. Begone! begone!—leave me, horrid phantom!

Rolla. I was mistaken—he cannot sleep;—view this ye tyrants—these are the slumbers of conscious guilt.

Piz. (*Starting up alarmed.*) Ha! who's there?—what ho! my guards!

Rolla. Speak not a word, or this shall make thee silent. (*Shews the dagger.*)

Piz. Treason!

Rolla. As you value your life, speak softly.

Piz. Who art thou?

Rolla. I am Rolla, the Peruvian—your life is in my power—your guards cannot protect you.

Piz. What brought you here?

Rolla. Not to kill you, else I could have done it in your sleep—I spared you then—

Piz. Speak then—your business?

Enter ELVIRA hastily.

Elv. Is the deed done?—ha! traitor! (*to Rolla.*)

Rolla. Rolla is no assassin.

Piz. And who then is?—art thou, thou treacherous woman?

Elv. No—it was not revenge, it was not jealousy, that urged the blow—it was the cause of outraged humanity—my dagger was unsheathed against the ravisher of crowns—the barbarous oppressor of an innocent people. It was to restore to Peru the blessings of peace.

Rolla. Had the means been as noble as the motive, how I would have admired thee!

Elv. The means!—the deed was noble—why did I not myself perform it? why trust it to another,—the blow I meditated would have been more true mercy, than thy ill-timed compassion.

Piz. Peace, frantic woman!—such mercy shall you receive—What ho! my guards! (*they enter*)—Guards,

seize that woman—she has attempted to assassinate me—confine her in the deepest dungeon—let there be new tortures invented for her.—

Elv. Thou still remain'st Pizarro, I Elvira—since this stroke has failed, death will be to me a welcome guest—Yet hear me, e'er I go—I would, in compassion even to thee, have dispatched thee quickly, and without torture—thy fate is otherwise decreed. The pangs of a guilty conscience shall, in perpetual torments, punish thee with a lingering death—Go on, then, in the career of blood—add my murder to the black catalogue—remember too, how thy deceitful tongue first led me from happy innocence, into the path of guilt—Do not the dying words of my aged mother, calling down imprecations on the seducer of her daughter, still vibrate in thy ear? Dost thou not still hear the dying groans of my murdered brother, who fell under thy sword, when seeking to avenge a sister's honour?—Yes, tyrant bloodhound! whenever fate shall doom thee to follow me to the shades of death, thou shalt be welcomed by a mother's dying curse, a brother's last groans, and the shrieks of thousands, calling down vengeance on their murderer!

Piz. (*Attempting to suppress his agitation.*) Will no one execute my orders?

Elv. Rolla, thou hast deceived me; but I pardon thee—let not thy contempt follow me to the grave—once I was virtuous, innocent, and happy—Didst thou know, gallant youth, the seductive arts, by which this hypocrite deluded my artless heart, the means he took gradually to undermine my virtue—I should have thy pity.

Rolla. I pity you from my soul.

Elv. Thy pity is a cooling drop to assuage the flames of accusing conscience—Farewel—and thou, Pizarro—thou who here must feel the pangs of the damned—pursue thy career of guilt—we shall meet again—thy tor-

tures I despise. Fate has denied to me to live greatly—it cannot prevent me from greatly dying.

[Exit, led out with guards.]

Rolla. For the world's treasures, I would not be Pizarro.

Piz. No, tell me how is this double wonder—Rolla in my tent—and Rolla the protector of my life!

Rolla. I came to rescue Alonzo.

Piz. Then art thou come in vain—ask me what thou wilt in return for my obligations to thee, that man's life excepted.

Rolla. I ask not his life—it is not thine to grant.

Piz. How!

Rolla. He has escaped.

Piz. Escaped! hell and furies!—escaped!—what hast thou dared!—

Rolla. I have: In the disguise of a priest, I passed through the camp, and reached his tent—there I remained, while he escaped under that habit.

Piz. Thou hast robbed me of my dearest vengeance!

Rolla. I am a general as well as he—I am ready to die in his stead.

Piz. Peruvian! I cannot but admire thee.

Rolla. A woman shares this admiration with me—with the same design, also, was Elvira's visit to him.

Piz. Elvira—traitress—did she visit him—ha! her motives were different;—to thee I am indebted even for Alonzo's escape—had she found him instead of thee, his dagger e'er now would have dispatched me.

Rolla. Think not so of my friend—he would have acted as I have done.

Piz. I think otherwise—my own heart tells me I should not have escaped. Obligated, then, as I am to thee, say how can I reward thee?

Rolla. Is that a question?

Piz. Thou art free—only confess that thy enemy is not outdone in generosity!

Roll. He does his duty.

Piz. Go then—should we meet again in the field—

Rolla. We will fight like men.

Piz. My sword shall avoid thee.

Rolla. I hope not so—for now I know thee—I shall seek thee first in the battle—meantime farewell!—may God amend thy heart—(*going but returns,*)—one request more—the sentinel who guarded Alonzo's tent did his duty—he is altogether innocent of his escape—pardon him.

Piz. That is no light request.

Rolla. Let, then, me remain here, and suffer the punishment thou preparest for him.

Piz. Wha!! would you risk your life for a common soldier?

Rolla. That soldier is a man, whom I have drawn into misfortune!

Piz. Depart then—I pardon him.

Rolla. Give me your hand in pledge of your promise?

Piz. (*Giving his hand,*) Give me your friendship?

Rolla. Live in peace with us—serve thy God, and allow us to serve our's—be the friend of virtue, and thou shall be the friend of Rolla. [*Exit.*

Piz. And have I allowed him to go away unmolested?—How dangerous to listen to an enthusiast—But I have given my word!—Let me consult my confessor, if I ought to keep faith with a heathen:—but this heathen is a hero—and every where heroes have the same creed.

ACT V.

SCENE—a Forest—in the back ground, among the trees, a hut—thunder and lightning. Enter CORA, carrying her child—panting for breath—her hair dishevelled.

Cora. I can go no farther—nature is not so strong as love. Sweet innocent, thou art asleep! alas! thy fa-

ther too sleeps ! thou, my child, wilt awake, but thy father's sleep is everlasting. Why am I a mother ? why must this child bind me to life ?—Wretch that I am, I cannot even die !—Where am I now ?—whither has despair driven me ?—the lightning flashes through the trees, but I discover no path. The loud thunder, rolling in the mountains, overpowers my feeble cries ! I cannot go farther—my feet will no longer support me. (*she sinks down at the foot of a tree.*) Dear babe, thou smilest—the glare of the lightning, the noise of the thunder, dismay not thy innocence. I will make for my child a bed of moss and leaves ; my veil shall shelter him from the storm—while I lie down and die by his side—(*she makes the couch, lays him down, covering him with her veil.*) Lie there, my love, and sleep. Oh ! that thou might'st never awake to crave in vain nourishment from thy lifeless mother's breast.—Oh ! how I feel—I turn giddy—wild—every nerve is unstrung. Is this death ? (*supports herself against a tree.*)

Alon. (*At a distance,*) Cora !

Cora. (*Starting,*) What sound is that I hear ?

Alon. Cora !

Cora. It is the echo of the thunder among the mountains.

Alon. Cora !

Cora. Hark !—It is a spirit !

Alon. (*Nearer.*) Cora !

Cora. Oh ! deceive me not, my heart !—it is Alonzo's voice !

Alon. Cora !

Cora. (*Advancing towards the voice,*) Alonzo, where are you !

Alon. Cora !

Cora. It is indeed Alonzo !

Alon. Cora !

Cora. (*Still advancing,*) Alonzo !—I feel new strength.

Alon. Cora ! where are you ?

Cora. Here ! here !

(She goes into the wood—their voices are heard alternately for some time at a distance;—at length an exclamation of rapture informs the audience that they have met.)

Enter two Spanish SOLDIERS, drunk.

1st. Sold. Comrade, where are you going?

2nd. Sold. Any way you please, comrade.

1st. Sold. Aye, aye, come along—*(they perceive the child.)* Hollo!—comrade! what have we here?

2nd. Sold. A child! I vow and protest.

1st. Sold. But how came a child here?

2nd. Sold. Aye, that is a very proper question—what shall we do with it?

1st. Sold. What is it to us:—it is a heathen's child, and so we may leave it.

2nd. Sold. 'Tis a sweet child, I have a playfellow for it at home—I am resolved to take it with me.

[Exeunt with the child.]

Cora. *(Behind.)* Here, Alonzo, is the place.

Enter CORA and ALONZO.

Cora. This is the place: it is under this tree. *(She runs to the tree, lifts up the veil, utters a loud scream, and sinks to the ground.)*

Alon. Cora, my love! what is the matter?

Cora. He is gone!

Alon. Almighty God!

Cora. He is gone!

Alon. We will go in search of him.

Cora. O! my child! my child!

Alon. He must have waked, and crawled a little way off.

Cord. *(Searches among the trees,)* Oh! no!—he is lost! he is lost!

Alon. Be not alarmed, we shall soon find him—he cannot be far off. Are you sure that this was the place?

Cora. Oh! yes!—did we not find here the veil? alas! some wild beast—

Alon. Hope for the best.

Cora. I have no hope—I see my child mangled!

Alon. For God's sake, Cora!

Cora. There is no God!

Alon. My love, speak not so.

Cora. “What have I done to merit such affliction?”

Alon. Cora!—my loved Cora!—torment not thus yourself and me.

Cora. (*Lifting her eyes to Heaven,*) Oh!—give me my child, or give me death!

Alon. See! among the trees there is a hut.

Cora. Hah!—there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child.—(*She runs towards the hut.*)

Alon. Beware, Cora!—should it be inhabited by Spaniards—

Cora. Should it be inhabited by devils I will go.

Alon. Let me then go first—(*Goes and knocks.*)

Enter LAS CASAS from the hut.

Las Cas. Who knocks?

Cora. Give me my child?

Las Cas. What do you mean, young woman?

Alon. Heavenly God!—is it possible?—Las Casas!

Las Cas. Alonzo!—do I live again to behold thee.
(*they embrace.*)

Alon. My loved tutor!

Las Cas. My friend!

Cora. Where have you hid my child!

Las Cas. What do you mean?

Alon. Oh, my friend!—in what a distressful moment have we met!

Cora. Venerable old man—your looks bespeak a feeling heart!—pity a wretched mother!

Las Cas. For heaven's sake. what do you mean?

Cora. I will be ever your slave,—my child shall be your slave.

Las Cas. Is her brain disordered?

Alon. She is my wife:—our child is lost.

Las Cas. Where! how!

Alon. She left him sleeping at the foot of that tree.

Las Cas. Did she leave him?

Cora. You reprove me justly—unnatural mother to leave your child!—my affliction is the just punishment of Heaven!

Las Cas. Would I could administer consolation!

Alon. Assist me to support this load of misery!

Cora. (*Distracted.*) See that speckled snake—see he winds round my child—hark! hear how the monster hisses—see! see! his sting pierces my infant's heart.

Alon. Dearest Cora! be collected.

Cora. Look! see the dreadful condor soaring in the sky!—see! he marks his prey!—he darts down!—he fixes his claws in my poor child! he carries him off!—oh, save him!—(*she sinks to the ground.*)

Alon. (*kneeling by her,*) oh! my Cora!—oh! my child!

Las Cas. And must I even in this desert be followed by misery!—Oh, my Alonzo! we must fly this place. We are here unsafe: the Spanish camp is near—fly to your friends,—I will go with you.

Alon. How shall we convey this helpless sufferer?—Dearest Cora let us go.

Cora. Go! Whither?

Alon. To our friends.

Cora. Think you I can leave this place—this spot where my child perished?

Alon. We are too near the enemy.

Cora. Barbarian! will you hinder me from collecting the bones of my mangled child!

Alon. Your father and brother are arrived at the Peruvian camp.

Cora. I have no father—no brother! alas! I once had a child!

Alon. We will go in search of him.

Cora. (*Springing up.*) In search of him! ah, where! where!

Alon. And this good friend will assist us in the search.

Cora. Yes, good old man! do assist us!

Las Cas. I will most willingly, only be calm.

Cora. Art thou a father?

Las Cas. No.

Cora. Then I pardon you:—would you preach calmness to a mother who has lost her child!—(*She runs off.*)

Las Cas. (*Following,*) Endeavour, Alonzo, to lead her more to the right.

Alon. Las Casas! you are my better angel!

SCENE—*The outskirts of the Spanish Camp—Rolla brought in by several soldiers, bound.*

1st. Sold. Come along, you heathen!

Rolla. I was set at liberty by Pizarro.

Sold. How do we know that—no heathen escapes from us with his life. Come along to the general.

2d. Sold. Silence, comrade! here comes the general.

Piz. (*Entering,*) What, Rolla!

Rolla. Yes, Rolla!—no doubt you are astonished—(*sarcastically.*)

Piz. And in chains!

Rolla. In order that you may not be in fear of him.

Piz. Who dared thus injuriously to treat my preserver?

Sold. He has confessed that he is the enemy's general; and we found him attempting to steal through our outposts.

Rolla. To steal through your outposts!

Sold. We stopped him, and were ordered by Almagro to put him in chains.

Piz. You see, Rolla, I am innocent of this outrage—quickly loosen his chains—I cannot see such a hero as Rolla, unarmed; take, therefore, my sword—and know that a Spaniard can admire a generous action even in an enemy,

Rolla. And a Peruvian can pardon injuries—I forgive you.

Piz. Forgive me, too, that I cannot act severely towards these men who have been the means of procuring me a second interview with Rolla.

Rolla. No more of compliment, but let me go.

Piz. When you please; yet let me indulge the hope that this occurrence may hereafter produce a friendship between us—it was not intended that Rolla and Pizarro should be perpetual enemies.

Rolla. You shall have my friendship, as soon as the ocean separates us.

Piz. Might we not be united in one common tie? I am willing to renounce to you my right to the crown of Quito—I ask no more, but that you shall submit to the sovereignty of Spain, and the religion of Christianity:—on these terms I am willing to grant you peace.

Rolla. Your demands are alike generous and moderate.

Piz. Pizarro's friendship carries with it the protection of a mighty monarch; that friendship Pizarro now tenders his hand to offer you.

Rolla. I am no traitor.

Piz. Instead of treason, your acceptance of my offer would be the means of averting the miseries of your country.—You would only deprive a weak king of the throne which he is not qualified to fill.

Rolla. Ataliba, a weak king!—but were he so, a king who promotes the happiness of his subjects, will ever enjoy their duty and affection.

Piz. Think well of what I have proposed—remember that rejected friendship is no less furious than despised love.

Rolla. Now I understand you; but why thus try to dissemble?—throw off the mask at once.

Piz. (*Stifling his rage,*) Rolla, do not misconceive me.

Rolla. Am I at liberty to depart?

Piz. You are.

Rolla. Shall I meet no farther obstructions?

Piz. None, unless you repent and come back.

Rolla. Thank God, Rolla has never found cause to repent of what he did.

Enter the two SOLDIERS with the Child.

Sold. General, we have found a child.

Piz. Why bring it here?—Go along.

Sold. We found it in the forest near the camp.

Piz. Throw it into the next ditch.

Rolla. Gracious God! it is Alonzo's son!

Piz. Alonzo's!

Rolla. (*To the Soldiers,*) Give me the child.

Piz. (*Interposing.*) Not quite so fast—Alonzo's son!—Fortune I thank thee! come, my boy, thou shalt be a hostage for thy foolish father.

Rolla. Does Pizarro wage war with children?

Piz. No—Alonzo and I have an account to settle: were I to plunge a dagger into this child's breast, that were merely to settle the balance—But fancy to yourself this little head on the point of a spear—imagine the great Alonzo rushing with his sword through the thickest of our ranks, like a torrent, carrying all before him—and the only mound to stop him—the bleeding head of his child. See the hero at once stand motionless and horror struck!—see the sword fall from his hand!—see his eyes rivetted on the bloody standard, from which the crimson drops still trickle down the lance!—O glorious sight!

Rolla. Pizarro! are you a man?

Piz. And when he returns to the anxious mother—when his Cora throws her snowy arms around his neck, and with her silken locks wipes the crimson drops from his shoulder—what will be her emotions, when he says—not so fast, my dear, think you this the blood of an enemy?—no, it is your own child's blood!

Rolla. See the smile upon his infant cheek:—could you murder that angel innocence?

Piz. Could you wring the neck of a harmless dove?

Rolla. If you require a ransom—I will give you ten times the child's weight in silver.

Piz. You may keep your silver to make a statue to be erected on his tomb.

Rolla. Pizarro, I saved your life—deny me not then the life of this child.

Piz. Do you wish to shame me by so trifling a request?

Rolla. I will remain your prisoner—only restore this child to his parents.

Piz. Rolla, you are free.

Rolla. Surely nature could not have made you altogether without the feelings of a man: some seed of humanity must still lie hidden in your heart—Behold Rolla at your feet—Rolla, who never bent his knee to man;—Rolla will be your slave—only restore this innocent child.

Piz. The child shall not be restored—one way only you can redeem him—let your country submit to Spain.

Rolla. (*Rising quickly.*) Now then! (*he snatches the child from the soldier, clasps it with his left arm, and with his right brandishes his sword,*) the child is mine!—this sword was not given me in vain—who dares to follow me, dies—(*rushes off with the child.*)

Piz. Rash madman!—fly—overtake him; bring him back alive if possible. (*Soldiers go.*) What daemon inspires him—fool that I was to give him a sword—how furiously he wields it—hah! he gains ground on my men—by heavens! he will escape—away!—away!—pursue him!—kill him!—the hill now conceals him from my sight—madman! impute not thy death to me—I would have preserved thy life—have made thee my friend—(*shots are heard at a distance,*) Farewel—thou hast deserved a nobler death! (*Enter a Soldier,*)—Well—

Sold. General, be easy; the heathen will not go much farther—a shot hit him in the right side.—I saw him fall.

Piz. Would he had been brought back alive! Proud Indian, to defy me in my own camp!

Sold. Your order to spare this Peruvian has cost the lives of four Spaniards.

Another Sold. (*Entering,*) he has made his way good, and reached the enemy's outposts.

Piz. Hell and furies!

2nd. Sold. He, however, carries with him his death; his wound is mortal.

Piz. Cursed idolator! yet I cannot refuse him admiration—with a thousand such heroes I could conquer the world. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A Plain adjoining to the Peruvian camp—*
Enter ATALIBA.

The enemy suspects my troops are asleep—the tempest is calmed, and not a breeze whispers through the trees—an awful silence reigns around—every thing enjoys repose, except my heart.—Why am I haunted with phantoms of the slain?—Why must their dying groans torment my ear!—Was not my sword drawn for my God and my Country?

Enter CORA, distracted.

Cora. Where am I?—Where is my child's grave? (*seeing Ataliba*). First born of the Sun, restore to me my child!

Atal. Cora!

Cora. I have been at my child's grave—it is deep in the earth—it is cold and damp—I shiver with cold.

Atal. Alas! What a dreadful sight!

Enter ALONZO and LAS CASAS.

Alon. Unhappy Cora, whither does thy grief drive thee?

Cora. Hush, Alonzo—go no farther. The first born of the Sun needs but speak the word, and the grave will surrender its prey—(*she clasps Ataliba's knees.*) O king! Have pity on a mother!

Atal. Wretched mother—I cannot help thee—I am only a king.

Cora. Who then can help me?—to whom has heaven entrusted our lives—did'st thou not lead us to battle—did not Alonzo fight for thee—and wilt thou refuse the only recompence we ask—the life of a child, who too will fight for thee?

Atal. Crush me, ye Gods!—I will not shrink.

Cora. (*Springing up*). Tyrant! will thy flinty heart be unmoved at my distress?—Is more blood required to satiate thy ambition? Must thou tear children from the arms of their wretched mothers, and cast them to beasts of prey?—What is to me thy crown?—What is to me the preservation of the throne of Quito?—Wretched mothers! who have been rendered childless, join with me in imprecating the vengeance of heaven on this barbarian! (*she sinks exhausted on the ground*).

Alon. (*Supporting her in his arms*). Forgive, king, the distraction of a mother!

Atal. (*Wiping off a tear*). Alas! the throne has no equivalent for these tears!

Enter a PERUVIAN hastily.

Peruv. Rolla comes.

Atal. & Alon. Rolla!

—Rolla staggers in (*his countenance deadly pale—his sword in his right hand, the child in his left arm.*)

Atal. O heavens! what is this!

Rolla. (*In a faltering voice, and hardly able to reach Cora, who is lifeless in her husband's arms*). Cora!—your child!

Cora. (*Recovering, starts up and stretches out her arms towards the child*). My child! and bloody!

Rolla. It is my blood.

Cora. Oh, my child!—Oh, Rolla!

Rolla. I loved thee!—thou did'st me wrong!—I can no more!—(*he falls at her feet.*)

Alon. (*Throwing himself down by him*), Rolla thou diest!

Rolla. For thee and Cora—(*Dies*).

Enter ZORANO.

Zorano. We are discovered—treachery has revealed our asylum! Our helpless women and children are even now there assailed.

Alon. To arms!—loose not an instant.—Bear our loved hero's body before us; it will incite the fury of our troops. Now, Pizarro, your death or mine is near!—The word is—Revenge and Rolla! [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a recess among the rocks—the Spanish soldiers pursuing Peruvian women—The Peruvian Soldiers enter and drive the Spaniards—Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers.

Piz. Let us either conquer or perish in the centre of them.—Where are the leaders, Alonzo and Rolla?

Alon. Alonzo answers thee, and for Rolla will speak by his sword.—Let us singly contest the battle.

Piz. Be it so.

[*They fight—PIZARRO beats down ALONZO, and is about to stab him, when ELVIRA enters.—PIZARRO, astonished, staggers back—ALONZO renews the fight and kills him.*]

Enter ATALIBA.

Atal. Brave Alonzo! Welcome to my arms!

Alm. Alonzo, we submit.—Spare us; we will embark and leave the coast. (*Spaniards lay down their arms.*)

Alon. Noble Elvira! My preserver!—How can I speak what we owe to thee? Ataliba! E'er the voice of triumph be raised, let us pay a tribute to our loved Rolla's memory.

(*Peruvians enter, bearing ROLLA's body on a bier, which is carried in grand funeral procession—the priests and priestesses chaunting a solemn dirge.*)

[*Curtain slowly descend.*

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